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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1903.

Daily Calendar of American History

October 21.

- 1774—"Address to the People of Great Britain," prepared by John Jay and adopted by Congress.—Congress adopted a "Memorial to the Seven Anglo-American Colonies."
- 1788—Fourteenth and last Continental Congress adjourned.
- 1861—Battle of Balls Bluff, Va.
- 1892—Opening exercises at World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago.
- 1897—Yerkes telescope at Lake Geneva, Wis., formally dedicated to science.

The Alaskan Decision.

A Narrow Escape From the Pitfalls of Diplomacy.

Well, the Alaskan decision is in our favor. For this we should be duly grateful. We are not likely to be pestered by Canada again—not on this question, at any rate. Yet, it is impossible not to feel that we had a very narrow escape. At any other time—say, when Great Britain, at the behest of Canada, ruined our seal fisheries—the commission would have been unable to arrive at any decision, and another open sore would have been added to those that make our relations to Canada so intolerable at times. We might as well abandon mining words, be honest with ourselves, and admit that we owe the present decision to the fact that Great Britain needs our friendship just now more than she does the loyalty of Canada. Sound as our position is, or weighty as our argument might have been, neither one nor the other would have availed, had England been able, in the present impaired state of her international prestige, to do without the moral support of the United States. To us this seems to be the case in a nutshell.

The American boundary had stood for three-quarters of a century. It was on every map, English admiralty charts included. It had been accepted by every officer and official who had dealt with it. No one doubted it; no one challenged it. The earliest evil is less than twenty-five years old; the earliest definite claim dates back about fifteen years. The first formal official protest was filed two years after the discovery of gold in the Klondike.

Under such circumstances it seemed eminently desirable that we should "stand pat." We didn't. In a burst of unheeded generosity we offered to submit to arbitration—and it practically amounted to throwing a cloud upon the title to the territory which had been in our undisputed possession for three-quarters of a century—that which no other government on the face of the earth would have dreamed of exposing to the pitfall of diplomatic negotiations. England, in consenting to back the demands of Canada, had nothing to lose. We, even if the decision was in our favor, had absolutely nothing to gain. The game, on our part, was one of extreme hazard. We furnished the stakes. Canada played the part of a penniless gambler.

We said that we should be duly grateful for the turn of the cards. And so, no doubt, we shall be. Our negotiations with Canada have heretofore been uniformly disastrous. But for the attitude of Canada, backed by the mother country, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty would have been abrogated long before it was; the fisheries on the Atlantic would never have been the bone of contention for more than a century; there would have been no quarrel over the boundary on the Great Lakes; the fur seal industry of the Pribilof Islands might still be profitable, and the bonding privilege extended to Canadian roads might have ceased to be a source of irritation to interests in this country. If the Alaskan decision should accomplish nothing else besides bringing Canada to a realization of the fact that she cannot pursue toward this country, behind the broad back of England, a policy of nag and bicker, something will have been gained. And for this something, we repeat, it is brought about, we shall be thankful.

The attitude of the Canadian com-

missioners deserves passing comment. It is nothing short of childish. Balked in their schemes, they refuse to sign the decision and turn their back on the King. They go further even: They charge that, after the tribunal had been led by the force of the Canadian argument to accept the Canadian contention as to the line of the Portland channel, it arbitrarily presented as a gift to the United States two islands which were on the Canadian side of the boundary so established, and which destroyed the "strategic value" of the Canadian position. This charge is almost ludicrous. It is in effect an impeachment of the judicial integrity of the Chief Justice of England. Disappointment on the part of the defeated Canadians is not unnatural, but, as the "New York Times" justly remarks, "it is a great pity that it should find such an expression over the result of so solemn and so conspicuous an international adjudication as that which has now been irrevocably closed."

A Pertinent Inquiry.

What Has Become of the Fraudulent Voucher Case?

What has become of the false requisition and fraudulent voucher case, by which the school funds were illegally depleted of six hundred dollars? This sum was not only unlawfully seized upon, but was taken by sharp practice, in the face of repeated declarations by Comptroller Traevell that no part of the school appropriations could be legally used for the purpose to which this money was applied.

It has been well said at the Treasury Department that if this case goes unpunished there is little use in having a Comptroller, or providing safeguards in the shape of requisitions and vouchers, or calling for certificates showing that goods have been received. For, if this case is ignored, any sharper in this District who can manipulate requisitions and falsify vouchers can help himself or his friends to public moneys without fear of punishment.

Our citizens would like to know what the influences are back of this case to sidetrack it.

In all the good work that one Commissioner is carrying on, what blocks the administration of justice in this flagrant case which falls within the jurisdiction of another Commissioner?

If street Arabs are caught shooting craps for a few cents they are promptly fired through the Police Court into the workhouse. But if, instead of dice, one juggles with requisitions and vouchers and diverts public funds to illegal uses, and all the facts become known, and the illegality of the act is shown to be beyond dispute, the case is allowed to pass with nothing more than perfunctory comment, or no comment at all. The public has a right to know who is at fault, for serious fault there is. Whose is the neglect, for inexcusable neglect there has been, and still continues?

The District Judgeship.

Justice Lags While Politicians Fight for the Office.

The Constitution of the United States—which has always been held applicable to the District of Columbia—guarantees to every person charged with a criminal offense the right to a speedy trial. In these times when we are accustomed to rapidly in all things it can scarce be contended that the incarceration of a man in jail for nine months without giving him the right to be heard in his own defense is guaranteeing him that right which the Constitution assures him. Yet there is such a case in the District of Columbia, at the capital of the nation. A man who was arrested more than nine months ago on the charge of murder lies in the District jail awaiting trial, the date for which has not been set, and may not be for months to come. That the man is guilty is not even conclusive in the public mind, much less in the eyes of the law, for there is a right but circumstantial evidence against him. There are others who have likewise waited many months to be heard in court in defense of the charges against them. The criminal dockets are crowded, yet the wheels of justice turn so slowly that it is almost impossible to see them move.

This condition of affairs, as everyone knows who knows anything about the situation, is produced because there is a vacancy upon the District bench. That vacancy exists, as everyone in the District also knows, because several politicians who have no immediate interest in the District of Columbia—other than as a place in which to install in office some henchman—cannot agree upon a candidate for judicial honors. Accordingly, the President, who has the appointing power, waits, justice sleeps and the jail is becoming crowded with persons charged with crime and unable to have their cases tried. Further

than this, civil cases brought up to the higher court on appeal from the justices of the peace are not heard because there are only five instead of six judges on the District Supreme Bench.

Of course, it is easy to prescribe the remedy, but it would do little or no good to do so. There are a dozen or more able lawyers who are residents of Washington, capable and willing to fill the position. The selection of any one of them would please the members of the local bar, and the public of Washington as well; yet everyone knows that none of them is likely to be appointed. Of the five justices now on the bench of the District, only one can properly be accredited to the District of Columbia. The remaining four were appointed from other jurisdictions. Chief Justice Clabaugh and Justice Gould are citizens of Maryland; Justice Anderson is a citizen of Ohio, and Justice Pritchard is a citizen of North Carolina; Justice Barnard is the only member of the tribunal whose home has long been in Washington, and, with the exception of Justice Gould, is the only one who ever practiced in the local courts before his appointment. Five-sixths of the business of the local courts is transacted for the citizens of the District of Columbia. Therefore, Mr. President, is not the District of Columbia entitled to fill the vacancy on the local bench, instead of the politicians outside of the District?

An Imitation Tillman.

How Evil Communications Corrupt Manners.

It is said that a mayor of an Indiana town, who has been violently criticized by the editor of a local paper, has asserted his intention to "get rid" of the editor, since at least one jury in the land has pronounced such action justifiable. Such incidents as this are reason enough for the sharp criticism of the Tillman jury by critics far removed from the scene of action. So long as this remains one country, wrong cannot be flagrantly done in any part of it without affecting the whole. This Indiana official would have paid no attention to such a miscarriage of justice occurring in England, France, or Venezuela; but as it happened in his own country he took occasion to cite it as a precedent.

We are continually told that interference with the affairs of one part of the country by the newspapers or politicians of another, is unwarrantable; and that each section must be left to work out its own salvation. In cases where peculiar conditions demand peculiar treatment, this may be true; although the most peculiar conditions do not justify treatment subversive of law and order. But so long as this is one country, and not a collection of countries, so long as human nature, rightly or wrongly, regards unpunished crime as a precedent justifying the committing of more crime, there is excellent reason why there should be general protest against any action, in any State, which cannot be properly initiated in any other State.

With lynchings in Central America or in Canada we should have no more than a passing concern. With the customs of the foreigner in his own country we have no right to interfere. Our concern in the matter begins when the foreigner comes within our borders. There are still those who argue that a "peculiar tradition" of honor in South Carolina justified Tillman's act. Very well; the rest of the country has a right to protest against the spread of the "peculiar tradition" through the impulse of imitation.

The ravens of New York are either an improprietous lot or else they are a little shaky about the pedigree of Elijah II.

In one respect Mrs. Thomas C. Platt is unlike most other women, for she is able to keep a secret. She kept the secret of her marriage for three days.

Dr. Dowle might pose as a restorer if he were selling a hair tonic instead of religion. His patriarchal beard would be a good exhibit.

A New Jersey man who asserts that for thirty-five years he never spoke to a woman has succumbed to the charms of a widow with two sets of weeds. There is still hope for the Hon. David B. Hill.

Perhaps Editor Gonzales would not have been shot if he had had his hands in the pockets of some other man.

King Alfonso is said to be in search of a wife. Perhaps a certain New York Senator might recommend him to some of his left-over stock of girls.

One of the instructors in Northwestern University recently advised college yells in prayer meeting. That university seems to be determined to rival the one in Chicago in the eccentricity of its faculty.

The pot is calling the kettle black. And the hatchet is ripping it up the back of the neck.

Or family trouble there is a peck: The kettle has now a twisted head, And the pot may have a twisted neck.

The People's Forum.

Mars His Pleasure.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: Naturally I have a very sunny disposition. Life seems to me to be nothing but a combination of sunshine and brightness. I am ever happy.

And now having enlightened you as to my disposition, I wish to deliver a kick. Not an actual motion of the foot and leg. Oh, no! Far be it from me to be ungenteel. I, with my various characteristics, live in the neighborhood of Dupont Circle. At this season of the year I find the park a pleasant place to visit.

While reclining on the benches in the Circle, my attention has frequently been attracted to the manner in which the policeman stationed there conducts himself toward those who frequent the place.

These observations convince me he carries his likability to the breaking point. With a threatening swing of his stick and an angered look he dictates to the young men who gather in the park as though they had no right there. It is an outrage. The Circle is a pleasure ground. That's what it should be used for.

ANTI-COPPERINE.

Washington, Oct. 17.

How Old Is Ann?

Animosity Is Rampant.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: How old is Ann?

Animosity becomes rampant as this old gag is sprung daily on a helpless public.

How old is Ann? Ananias himself might prove a poor guesser and claim that she is sixty-four years old and nearing her dotage.

How old is Ann? Anathemas on the genius who originated this much-mooted question! Like the historical ghost, it will not down, but this is no reason why servants at the White House should go on a strike, or Ananias should be cast in gloom.

G. K. W.

Washington, Oct. 19.

Ann's Sister Maud.

To the Editor of The Washington Times: You certainly have amused the people very much by your problem, "How old is Ann?" A great many of my acquaintances had only to guess the age of Ann—without, however, the principles of algebra, by which it could be solved.

Now, there is another member of the same family—a younger sister of Mary, named Maud—and the good people of Washington should know her age, also. Mary is twenty-four years of age, and Maud is one-half times as old as Mary was when Mary was as old as Maud is now.

C. E. W.

Washington, Oct. 20.

Concerning Mary and Ann.

Little boys and girls, get busy. Figure till your heads grow dizzy. We will ask the readers right here a doubt; though the problem's quite perplexing. Though a multitude 'tis vexing.

There's no reason why you shouldn't work it out.

Mary's age is twenty-four; It is twenty years or more.

Since she had her celebrated little lamb, And she has a friend named Ann.

Who is somewhat younger than Mary; I am sure of that, indeed I am.

Now, then, let there be no shirking. There's a simple way of working.

This most puzzling proposition—'tis a map; Algebra's the proper paper.

Get your pencil and your paper. And make out the following algebraic map:

Mary's age is twenty-four; Annie's age is X, no more.

And the difference is just exactly Y; Twenty-four plus X plus Z.

Equals three plus thirty-six, then. If it doesn't, will you kindly tell me why?

Well, this gives us thirty-six. 'Tis the easiest of tricks.

To divide this little thirty-six by two; Whichever it will be, so old as that.

The answer is eighteen; Tell me, what's the way it looks to you?

Mary's age is twenty-four; It is twenty years or more.

Since she had her lamb, with fleece as white as snow;

Little Ann, twixt you and me. That answer was correct, and so I know!

In a Lighter Vein.

Keep at It.

"If at first you don't succeed, Try, try again."

"If you do succeed, indeed, Try even yet again."

—Philadelphia Press.

Satisfactory Treatment.

See—What did the Christian Science doctor cure you off?

He—Of my faith.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Get Anything.

"Everybody," said the home-grown philosopher, "wants to get something for nothing."

"Which reminds me," remarked the elderly gentleman, "that I must get a birthday present for my nineteen-year-old son."—Chicago News.

Professional Etiquette.

There was once a feminine Dr. Whose jealous associates lurk. The envious names Employed by these dames Enraged her far more than they shrink.

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Ignorance and Bliss.

"They seem to live very happily together."

"Yes. Neither understands the other, but both think they do."—San Francisco Bulletin.

His First Appearance.

Stage Carpenter (who has been sent on in an emergency to say a line)—Me lord, the police 'ave discovered your whereabouts, and even now approach.

The Bold Red Baronet—"I false! False! Stage Carpenter—All right. Then you go and ask the blooming stage manager; he told me."

—New York Press.

A Serial Story.

A hope fulfilled of perfect bliss Has furnished many a novel's text. Such hope is this '33's vain; it is "To be continued in our next."

—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Cynic's Inquiry.

"My husband never speaks a cross word to me."

"How long have you been separated?"—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

At the Reception.

"I think Daisy is going to announce her engagement to Dick tonight."

"Did she tell you she was?"

"No. But see how uncomfortable Dick looks."—Harpers Bazar.

Womanlike.

Wild Man—Why are you laughing?

Glass Estate—Can't help it. You know the fact about the midget.

Wild Man—Yes!

Glass Estate—Well, when he talked back to her she said: "You monster!"—Chicago News.

Courts and Capitals of the Old World

By THE MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

Praise for Lord Alverstone.

All the counsel engaged before the Alaskan Boundary Tribunal, even the Canadian, are enthusiastic in their praise of the manner in which Lord Alverstone has presided over the proceedings. This has been the third time that the lord chief justice has represented England at an important arbitration. He shared with Sir Charles Russell, who preceded him on the bench as lord chief justice, the duty of prosecuting the British case in the Behring Sea arbitration in 1893, for which he received the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. He was leading counsel for Great Britain in the Venezuela arbitration of 1899, at the close of which he received from Queen Victoria a baronetcy, an honor rarely bestowed on a law officer, and on his elevation to the bench to succeed Lord Russell as lord chief justice of England, he received a peerage, and, of course, a seat in the house of lords.

It would be no exaggeration to say that Lord Alverstone is without exception the most universally popular member of the bar. To take the title of popular song, "They All Love Dick," and he is regarded as of the best and most characteristic type of Englishman. To begin with, he is absolutely "straight," the soul of honor, thoroughness and unaffected, without a trace of dissimulation, a massive frame, he tips the balance at some sixteen stone—covering an unusually big heart, clean in his private life, even tempered, and in his youth a famous athlete, robust in body as in mind, earnest and thorough in all he undertakes, and possessing a singularly winning and finely modulated voice.

Cause of His Popularity.

It cannot be said that he is pre-eminently an orator. Nor is he a great parliamentarian, and though his political opinions are strong, nobody ranks him as a great politician. It would even be an exaggeration to say that he is pre-eminently in brilliancy as a lawyer. And yet he stands at the head of his profession by reason of his absolute soundness, and because he has the reputation of never permitting any prejudice or feeling of any kind to influence his decisions, which are based exclusively on law, equity, and common sense.

There are few English judges or lawyers who are better known in the United States than "Dickie" Webster, who has frequently visited this country, and whose only son, who died a year or so ago, was married to a girl with American blood in her veins, her mother, Lady Evans, being the daughter of the late Attorney General Samuel Stevens, of Albany, N. Y.

To see Lord Alverstone at his best is to be his guest at "Winfold," his picturesque home in Surrey, and it is difficult to efface from one's mind the memory of the fine, big hall, with its galleries of carved oak running round the south and east sides, the burning logs in the old-fashioned fireplace throwing a ruddy glow on the tapestries with which the walls are hung, while seated at the fire organ is the most hospitable of hosts discoursing the sweetest of music on this most difficult of instruments. For Lord Alverstone is a most accomplished organist, in bygone days he has sung, played the violin, and is without exception the most musical member of the English bench. He lost his wife many years ago and has never married again. Indeed, the bereavements which he has sustained, first through the death of his wife, and then by that of his only son, have given a certain note of occasional sadness to a character that is otherwise of the most sunny and genial disposition.

A Man of Affairs.

While young Lord Denman is little known in this country, Sir Westman Pearson, to whose daughter he has just become engaged, is a familiar figure in the United States, in which he has large interests, and which he visits at least once or twice every year. Sir Westman is one of the most important of English and international contractors, the firm being known by the name of S. Pearson & Son, and has charge of the construction of such big works as the Dover Harbor, the Vera Cruz docks, the railroad of Tehuantepec, which cuts across the narrowest part of Mexico from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with harbors at either end, the Surrey Commercial Docks, and the London Water Company, and heaven knows what all besides.

A florid, well-nourished Yorkshireman, who as a Liberal has represented the ancient city of Colchester for a number of years in parliament, he entertains lavishly at his house in Carlton House Terrace in London, has a beautiful place in Sussex, has been a baronet since 1891, and being possessed of immense wealth, will doubtless give a handsome dowry to his daughter on her marriage to Lord Denman.

Insanity in House of Lords.

Lord Denman is far from rich, and inherited but little beyond his peerage from his granduncle, the late Lord Russell. The latter was a most eccentric and quarrelsome old man, who was forever disturbing the calm serenity of the upper house of England by his national legislation by cantankerous speeches, varied by epileptic fits. Indeed, it was believed that his mind was affected. While dementia, however, disqualifies a man from sitting in the house of commons, it is no impediment to the fulfillment of his legislative duties. If he happened to be a member of the house of lords, and at the time, when Gladstone's home rule bill was defeated by the upper chamber, at least three peers, Viscount Hereford, among the number, were brought down to the house by lords by their keepers from private insane asylums to cast their vote against the measure.

Like most of the members of his family, young Lord Denman, who served with distinction in the South African war, where he was wounded, is remarkably good looking, and bears a marked personal resemblance to his great-grandfather, the first Lord Denman, who, it may be remembered, was the solicitor general of Queen Caroline on the occasion of her divorce trial in the house of lords, being associated in her defense with the great Lord Brougham, who was her attorney general. Both of her counsel suffered from the prejudice against them which their championship of the misguided, but ill-used, Queen excited in the breast of King George IV, and it was not until after his death that their eminence at the bar received recognition. Lord Brougham, being raised to the peerage and to the lord chancellorship in 1830, while four years later Thomas Denman was appointed lord chief justice and created a peer. One of his sons, the late Right Hon.

George Denman, who for more than thirty years was a judge of the high court of judicature, attracted much attention by his absolute refusal to permit himself to be knighted by Queen Victoria. All judges of the high court of judicature, on being raised to the bench, are knighted, and although several have been reluctant to accept this dignity, Judge Denman is the only one of them whose refusal was allowed to stand. He felt that as the Hon. George Denman, the son and brother of a peer, a knighthood would diminish rather than add to his social distinction.

Howes Known in America.

Queen Alexandra has appointed the Earl Howe to be her lord chamberlain in the place of the late Viscount Colville, who died last summer. Lord Howe, who is an uncle of the Duke of Marlborough and of Roxburghe, bears a title that is not altogether unknown in this country. For a Viscount Howe served as brigadier general in the war of independence, and fell at Ticonderoga, while his brother, who succeeded him in the peerage, had chief command of the British forces in this country after the return of General Gage. Both of these generals, as well as their elder brother, the famous admiral, known in the navy by the name of "Black Dick" on account of his swarthy complexion, were reputed grandsons of King George I and of that Hanoverian Countess Kilmarnock, who was created by that sovereign Countess of Darlington, and of whom Thomas Carlyle gave such an unflattering description. The present Lord Howe's grandfather was famous as one of the handsomest men of his day, and occupied the post of chamberlain and lord-in-waiting to Queen Adelaide, consort of King William IV and grandaunt therefore of King Edward.

Lord Howe's principal country seat, Gosport, where he has frequently entertained the King and Queen, is one of the show places of the United Kingdom. It was while staying as a guest at Gosport that Handel composed the "Messiah," and much of his original music is preserved there. Another of Lord Howe's country seats is Penn House, in the county of Dorset, where on it is the Quakers' burial ground, called "Jordans," in which repose the ashes of William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania. Lady Howe is a sister of the late Duke of Marlborough and of Lord Randolph Churchill, and is celebrated as one of the cleverest four-in-hand drivers in Europe. Let me add that Lord Howe is not the chief of the Curzon family, as has been said, but a cadet thereof, the chief of the Curzons being old Lord Scarsdale, father of Lord Curzon, the viceroy of India.

Chronicles.

Patience is none the less good advice because given to others.

Say grace for a true friend.

Prejudice is one of our unconscious passions.

Run for a goal and work for a result.

Irritation is unsettled, hatred is settled anger.

A woman is a lyric or doggerel.

The talent of a friend and of an enemy respectively greater and less than it seems.

Wit is like a lemon; humor, a plum.

Prejudice is a disease which if unchecked grows to an acute stage.

If he be not unwholesome a man should read and eat what he likes.

My wisdom is philosophy; yours is folly.

—Houston Chronicle.

Destroyed "Joe's" Thirst.

Congressman Powers tells this story about Senators Blackburn and Fairbanks and Secretary of the Treasury Shaw. When the latter first went to Washington, Senator Blackburn had some business with the Secretary, and while in the office met Senator Fairbanks. After the business was concluded Senator Blackburn invited the other two out to have a libation, and they accepted. All hands lined up against the bar. Turning to Secretary Shaw, Senator Blackburn said:

"What'll you have, Mr. Secretary?"

"Well, I guess I'll have a glass of lemonade," was the reply.

The gentleman from Kentucky then turned to Senator Fairbanks and said:

"And what will you have, Senator?"

"I'll have a glass of Meade," was the reply. The bartender leaned over the counter and said to Senator Blackburn:

"And what's yours, Senator?"

"Oh," said the Senator from the Blue Grass State, "I guess I'll have a piece of squash pie."—New York Tribune.

The Storm.

A hush extends o'er field and hill. The woods are silent, still the stream; The lark in forests its song to tell. The lee its load, and hurries home.

A gathering gloom pervades the sky. Expectant nature pauses, stays. While cloud on cloud is piled on high. And dark the storm his host arrays.

Now slowly advancing, gloomy, broad, The army of the sky spreads far. Its huge embattled front takes head